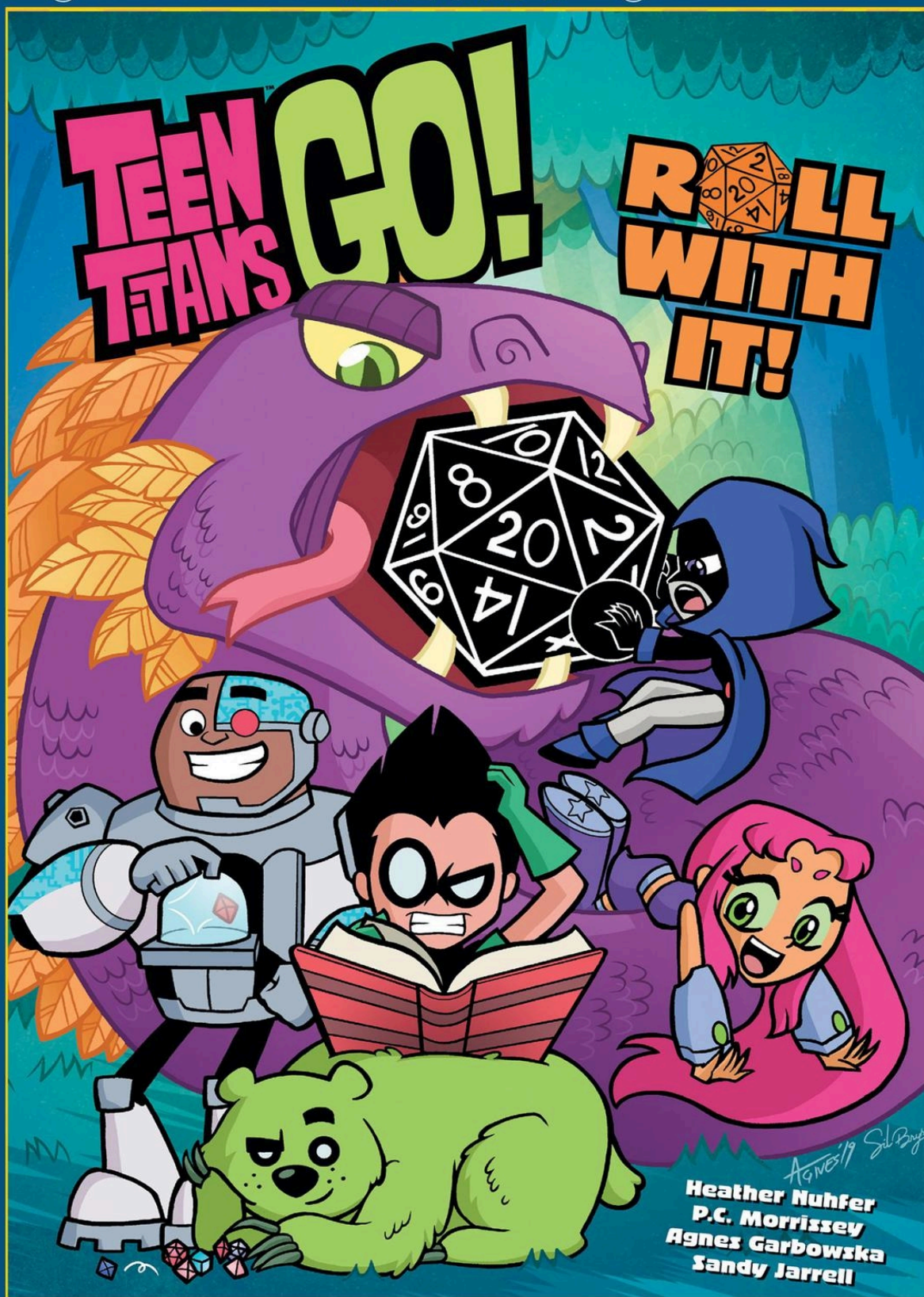
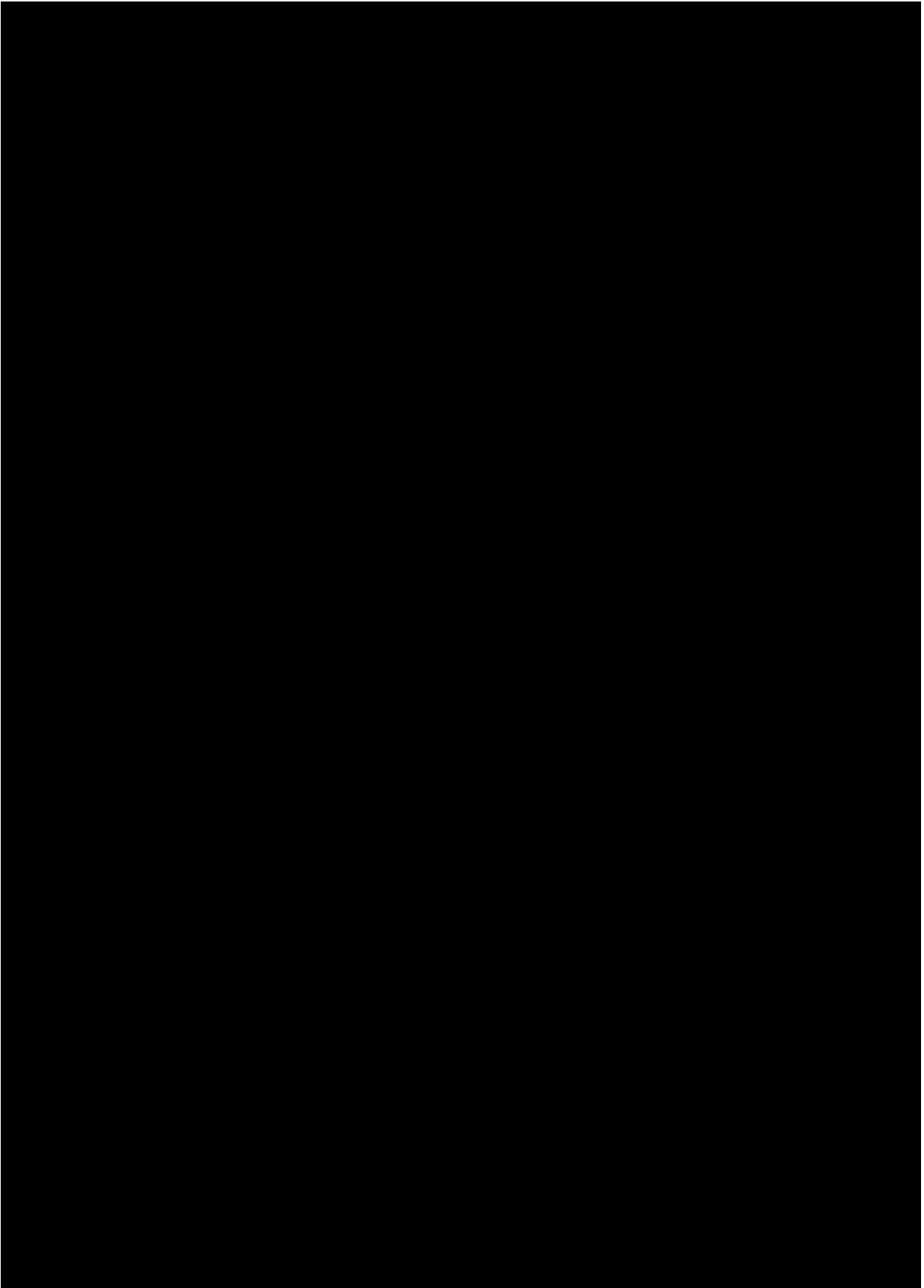




Heather Nuhfer
P.C. Morrissey
Agnes Garbowska
Sandy Jarrell















Ew.
That Fireball
reeked!

It's not my
fault! He fancies
himself a chef—
I'm chopping garlic
and onions *all*
the time!

BRAAAAP!

FRAAAAP!

BURRRP!



Aaaaaand
everyone
is out of hit
points.

Felled by
a gassy sword.
Predictable.









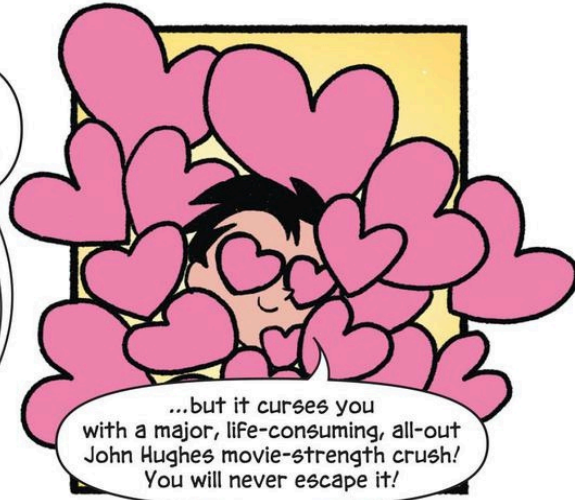








Sure, wearing the anklet grants you incredible power...

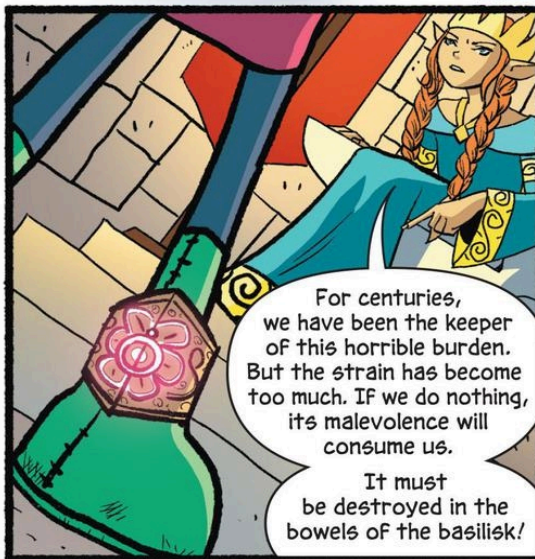


...but it curses you with a major, life-consuming, all-out John Hughes movie-strength crush! You will never escape it!



Plans for the future? Gone! Self-respect? Say sayonara!

All you can do is daydream about your perfect pumpkin-poo—Empress Hex!



For centuries, we have been the keeper of this horrible burden. But the strain has become too much. If we do nothing, its malevolence will consume us.

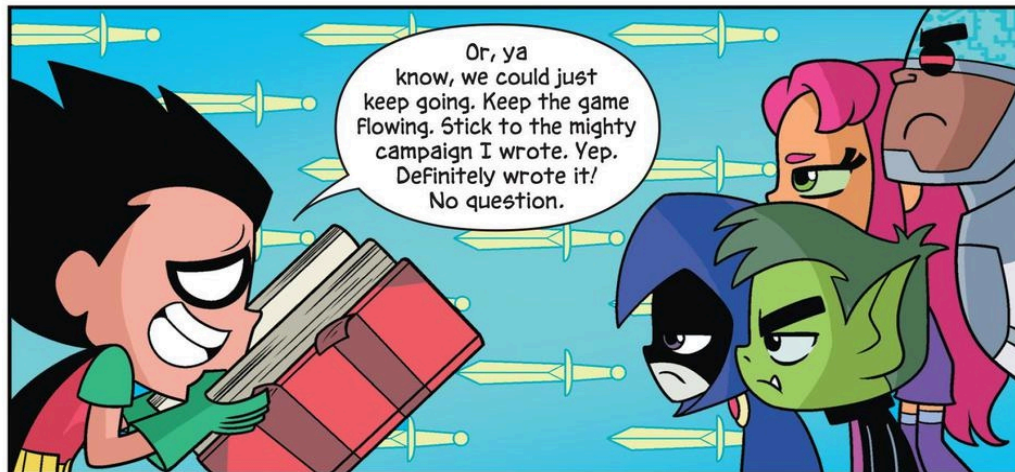
It must be destroyed in the bowels of the basilisk!



Empress Hex wants only for everyone to adore her and her perfect music playlists for every situation: proms, yacht rock, best of alt rock!

She thinks she knows it all.









To be continued in the graphic novel **Teen Titans Go! Roll With It.**

